And rotted, ere they were halfe mellow ripe:
My harueſt waſt, my hope away dyd wipe.

The fragrant flowres, that in my garden grewe,
Bene withered, as they had bene gathered long.
Theyr rootes bene dryed vp for lacke of dewe,
Yet dewed with teares they han be euer among.
Ah who has wrought my *Rolalind* this ſpight
To ſpil the flowres, that ſhould her girlond dight,

And I, that whilome wont to frame my pype,
Vnto the ſhifting of the ſhepheards foote:
Sike follies nowe haue gathered as too ripe,
And caſt hem out, as rotten and baſcote.
The loſer Laſſe I caſt to pleaſe nomore,
One if I pleaſe, enough is me therefore.

And thus of all my harueſt hope I haue
Nought reaped but a weedye crop of care:
Which, when I thought haue threſht in ſwelling ſheaue,
Cockel for corne, and chaffe for barley bare.
Soone as the chaffe ſhould in the fan be fynd,
All was blowne away of the wauering wynd.

So now my yeare drawes to his latter terme,
My ſpring is ſpent, my ſommer burnt vp quite:
My harueſte hasts to ſtirre vp winter ſterne,
And bids him clyme with rigorous rage hys right.
So nowe he ſtormes with many a ſturdy ſtoure,
So now his bluſtring blaſt eche coſte doth ſcoure.

The carefull cold hath nypt my rugged rynde,
And in my face deepe furrowes eld hath pight:
My head beſprent with hoary froſt I fynd,
And by myne eie the Crow his clawe dooth wright.
Delight is layd abedde, and pleaſure paſt,
No ſonne now ſhines, cloudes han all ouercaſt.

Now leaue ye ſhepheards boyes your merry glee,
My Muſe is hoarſe and weary of thys ſtounde:

Here

Here will I hang my pype vpon this tr
Was neuer pype of reede did better ſou
Winter is come, that blowes the bit
And after Winter dreerie death does

Gather ye together my little flocke,
My little flock, that was to me ſo liefe:
Let me, ah lette me in your folds ye lock
Ere the breme Winter breede you grea
Winter is come, that blowes the ba
And after Winter commeth timely d

Adieu delightes, that lulled me aſleepe,
Adieu my deare, whoſe loue I bought ſo
Adieu my little Lambes and loued ſheep
Adieu ye Woodes that oft my witneſſe w
Adieu good *Hobbinol*, that was ſo tru
Tell *Roſalind*, her *Colin* bids her adieu

Colins Embleme.

GLOSSE.

Tityrus) Chaucer as hath bene oft ſayd. Lambkin
Als of thicu) Semeth to expreſſe Virgils verſe Pan cur
Deigne) youtchſafe. Eabinet) Colinet) dimi nutin
Mazie) For they be like to a maze whence it is hard to get o
Peres) felowes and companions.
Muſick) that is Poetry as Terence ſayth Qui artem tractan
Deming doe) aforeſayd.
Lions houſe) He imagineth ſimply that Cupid, vvhich is lou
ſigne Leo, vvhich is in middeſt of ſomer; a pretie ac
is, that loue in him wrought an extraordinarie hea
His ray) vvhich is Cupides beame or flames of Loue.
A Comete) a blaſing ſtarre, meant of beautie, which vvas t
Venus) the goddeſſe of beauty or pleaſure. Alſo a ſigne in h
he meaneth that beautie, which hath alvvayes aſpe
all his vnquietnes in loue.
VVhere I was) a fine diſcription of the chaunge of hys lyfe